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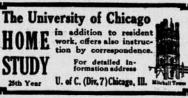
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## **A NURSE**

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# The Girl Beyond the Trail

Continued from page 10

burnished glory of her unbound hair; and Nisikoos who sent to her the picture he held her again close in his arms, kissing you wanted to destroy," he said once, her soft lips, her flushed cheeks, her blue "Nisikoos must have known."

eyes, the warm sweetness of her hair.

And her lips kissed him.

He looked out over the valley. His eyes were open to its beauty, but he did not see. A vision was rising before him, and his soul was breathing a present of and his soul was breathing a prayer of gratitude to the missioner's God.

It may be the girl heard his voiceless exaltation, for she whispered:

"You love me a great deal, my Sake-

wawin?' "More than life," he replied.

Her voice roused him. For a few moments he had forgotten the cabin, had forgotten that Brokaw and Hauck had existed, and that they were now dead. He held her back from him, looking into

He held her back from him, looking into her face, out of which all fear had gone. "We must go now," he said, forcing himself to break the spell. "Two have escaped, Marge. It is possible, if there are others at the Nest—"

His words brought her back to the thing they had passed through. She glanced in a startled way over the valley. Then she shook her head.

"There are two others" she said:

"There are two others," she said; "but they will not follow us, Sakewawin. If they should, we will be over the moun-

She braided her hair as he adjusted his pack. His heart was like a boy's. He laughed at her a joyous disapproval.

"I like to see it—unbound," he said. "It is beautiful."

It seemed to him that all the blood in

her body leaped into her face.

"Then—I will leave it that way," she cried softly, her fingers working swiftly in the silken plaits of her braid. Unconfined her hair shimmered about her again. And then, as they were about to set off, she ran up to him with a little ery, and without touching him with her hands raised her face to him.

"Kiss me," she said. "Kiss me, my Sakewawin!"

IT was noon when they stood under the topmost crags of the southward range, and under them they saw once more the green valley with its silvery stream, in which they had met that first day beside the great rock. It seemed to them both a long time ago, and the valley was like a friend, smiling up at them its welcome and its gladness that they had at last

The girl pointed off through the blue haze miles to the eastward.

"Are we going that way?" she asked. He had been thinking as they had climbed up the mountain. Off there, where the was pointing, were his friends and hers; between them and that wandering tribe of the totem people on the Kwadocha there were no people. Nothing but the unbroken peace of the tains, in which they were safe. He had ceased to fear their immensity, was no longer disturbed by the thought that in their vast and trackless solitudes he might lose himself forever. After what had passed, their gleaming peaks were beckening to him, and he was confident that he could find his way back to the Finley and down to Hudson's Hope.

What a surprise it would be to Father Roland when they dropped in on him some day, he and Marge! His heart beat excitedly as he told her about it, described the great distance they must travel, and what a wonderful journey it would be, with that glorious country at the end of it—the Château, home. And— "We'll it—the Château, home. And— "We'll find your mother then," he whispered.

They talked a great deal about her mother and Father Roland as they made

their way down into the valley; and whenever they stopped to rest she had new questions to ask, and each time there wonder if it's true." And each time he assured her that it was.

"Then why didn't she tell me?" Marge flashed.

"Because it may be that she didn't want to lose you—and that she didn't send the picture until she knew that she

was not going to live very long."

The girl's eyes darkened, and then—slowly—there came the softer glow back

into them.

"I loved Nisikoos," she said.

It was sunset when they began making their first camp in a cedar thicket, where their first camp in a cedar thicket, where David shot a porcupine for Tara and Baree. After their supper they sat for a while in the glow of the stars, and after that Marge snuggled down in her cedar bed and went to sleep. But before she closed her eyes she put her arms around his neck and kissed him good night.

For a long time after that he sat awake, thinking of the wonderful dream he had dreamed all his life, and which at last

had come true.

DAY after day they traveled steadily into the east and south. The mountains swallowed them, and their feet trod the grass of many strange valleys. Strange, and yet now and then David saw what he had seen once before, and he knew that he had not lost the trail. They traveled slowly, for there was no longer need of haste; and in that land of plenty there was more of pleasure than inconvenience in their foraging for what

In her haste in making up the contents of the pack, Marge had seized what first came to her hands in the way of provisions, and fortunately the main part of their stock was a twenty-pound sack of oatmeal. Of this they made bannock and cakes. The country was full of the black corrected. game. In the valleys the black currants and wild raspberries were ripening lusciously, and now and then in the poor of the valleys David would shoot fish.

Both Tara and Baree began to grow fat, and with quiet joy David noticed that each day added to the wonderful beauty and happiness in the girl's face, and it seemed to him that her love was enveloping him more and more, and there was never a moment now that he could not see the glow of it in her eyes. It thrilled him that she did not want him out of her presence for more than a few minutes at a time.

They had been ten days in the mountains when, one evening, sitting beside him, she said with that adorable and al-most childish ingenuousness which he

"It will be nice to have Father Roland marry us, Sakewawin." And before he could answer, she added: "I will keep house for you two at the Château."

He had been thinking a great deal about that. "But if your mother should live down

there—among the cities?" he asked. She shivered a little, and nestled

against him.
"I shouldn't like it, Sakewawin—not

for long. I love this—the forests, the mountains, the skies." And then sudmountains, the skies." And then suddenly she caught herself, and added quickly: "But anywhere—anywhere—if you are there, Sakewawin!"

"I too love the forests, the mountains, and the skies," he whispered. "We shall have them with us always, little comrade."

ON the fourteenth day they descended the eastern slopes of the Divide, and he knew that they were not far from the there and father Roland as they made he knew that they were not far from the leir way down into the valley; and kwadocha and the Finley. Their fighenever they stopped to rest she had tended the stopped to ask, and each time there as that trembling doubt in her voice: "I day fire; and this night, though it was onder if it's true." And each time he sured her that it was.

"I have been thinking that it was fire of their own, and she helped to add